Numb. 159

The TATLER.

By *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq;

Nitor in adverſum; nec me, qui cætera, vincit
Impetus—— Ovid. Met. Lib. II.

From *Thurſday April* 13. to *Saturday April* 15. 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 14.

THE Wits of this Iſland for above 50 Years paſt, inſtead of correcting the Vices of the Age, have done all they could to inflame them. Marriage has been one of the common Topicks of Ridicule that every Stage-Scribbler hath found his Account in; for whenever there is an Occaſion for a Clap, an impertinent Jeſt upon Matrimony is ſure to raiſe it. This hath been attended with very pernicious Conſequences. Many a Country Squire, upon his ſetting up for a Man of the Town, has gone Home in the Gaiety of his Heart and beat his Wife. A kind Husband hath been looked upon as a Clown, and a good Wife as a domeſtick Animal, unfit for the Company or Converſation of the *Beau Monde*. In ſhort, ſeparate Beds, ſilent Tables, and ſolitary Homes, have been introduced by your Men of Wit and Pleaſure of the Age.

As I ſhall always make it my Buſineſs to ſtem the Torrents of Prejudice and Vice, I ſhall take particular Care to put an honeſt Father of a Family in Countenance, and endeavour to remove all the Evils out of that State of Life, which is either the moſt happy or the moſt miſerable that a Man can be placed in. In order to this, let us, if you pleaſe, conſider the Wits and well-bred Perſons of former Times. I have ſhown in another Paper, That *Pliny*, who was a Man of the greateſt Genius, as well as of the firſt Quality of his Age, did not think it below him to be a kind Husband, and to treat his Wife as a Friend, Companion, and Counſellor. I ſhall give the like Inſtance of another, who in all Reſpects was a much greater Man than *Pliny*, and hath written a whole Book of Letters to his Wife. They are not ſo full of Turns as thoſe tranſlated out of the former Author, who writes very much like a Modern, but are full of that beautiful Simplicity which is altogether natural, and is the diſtinguiſhing Character of the beſt ancient Writers. The Author I am ſpeaking of, is *Cicero*, who in the following Paſſages, which I have taken out of his Letters, ſhows, that he did not think it inconſiſtent with the Politeneſs of his Manners, or the Greatneſs of his Wiſdom, to ſtand upon Record in his Domeſtick Character.

Theſe Letters were written at a Time when he was baniſhed from his Country by a Faction that then prevailed at *Rome*.

Cicero to *Terentia*.

'I Learn from the Letters of my Friends, as well as from common Report, that you give incredible Proofs of Virtue and Fortitude, and that you are indefatigable in all Kinds of good Offices. How unhappy a Man am I, that a Woman of your Virtue, Conſtancy, Honour, and good Nature, ſhould fall into ſo great Diſtreſſes upon my Account; and that my dear *Tulliola* ſhould be ſo much afflicted for the Sake of a Father, with whom ſhe had once ſo much Reaſon to be pleaſed! How can I mention little *Cicero*, whoſe firſt Knowledge of Things began with the Senſe of his own Miſery! If all this had happened by the Deſires of Fate, as you would kindly perſwade me, I could have born it: But alas! it is all befallen me by my own Indiſcretion, who thought I was beloved by thoſe that envied me, and did not join with them who ſought my Friendſhip ——. At preſent, ſince my Friends bid me hope, I ſhall take Care of my Health, that I may enjoy the Benefit of your affectionate Services —— *Plancius* hopes we may ſome Time or other come together into *Italy*. If I ever live to ſee that Day, if I ever return to your dear Embraces; in ſhort, if I ever again recover you and my ſelf, I ſhall think our Conjugal Piety very well rewarded — As for what you write to me about ſelling your Eſtate, conſider, my dear *Terentia*, conſider, alas! what would be the Event of it. If our preſent Fortune continues to oppreſs us, What will become of our poor Boy? My Tears flow ſo faſt, that I am not able to write any further; and I would not willingly make you weep with me ——. Let us take Care not to undo the Child, that is already undone. If we can leave him any Thing, a little Virtue will keep him from Want, and a little Fortune raiſe him in the World. Mind your Health, and let me know frequently what you are doing—— Remember me to *Tulliola* and *Cicero*.

II.

'DOn't fancy that I write longer Letters to any one than to your ſelf, unleſs when I chance to receive a longer Letter from another, which I am indiſpenſibly obliged to anſwer in every Particular. The Truth of it is, I have no Subject for a Letter at preſent; and as my Affairs now ſtand, there is nothing more painful to me than Writing. As for you and our dear *Tulliola*, I cannot write to you without Abundance of Tears; for I ſee both of you miſerable, whom I always wiſhed to be happy, and whom I ought to have made ſo—— I muſt acknowledge, you have done every Thing for me with the utmoſt Fortitude, and the utmoſt Affection; nor indeed is it more than I expected from you; tho' at the ſame Time it is a great Aggravation of my ill Fortune, that the Afflictions I ſuffer can be relieved only by thoſe which you undergo for my Sake. For honeſt *Valerius* has written me a Letter, which I could not read without weeping very bitterly; wherein he gives me an Account of the publick Proceſſion which you have made for me at *Rome*. Alas! my deareſt Life, Muſt then *Terentia*, the Darling of my Soul, whoſe Favour and Recommendations have been ſo often ſought by others, muſt my *Terentia* droop under the Weight of Sorrow, appear in the Habit of a Mourner, pour out Floods of Tears, and all this for my Sake; for my Sake, who have undone my Family, by conſulting the Safety of others?—— As for what you write about ſelling your Houſe, I am very much afflicted, that what is laid out upon my Account may any way reduce you to Miſery and Want. If we can bring about our Deſign, we may indeed recover every Thing; but if Fortune perſiſts in perſecuting us, How can I think of your ſacrificing for me the poor Remainder of your Poſſeſſions? No, my deareſt Life, let me beg you to let thoſe bear my Expences who are able, and perhaps willing to do it; and, if you would ſhow your Love to me, do not injure your Health, which is already too much impaired. You preſent your ſelf before my Eyes Day and Night;

Night; I see you labouring amidst innumerable Difficulties; I am afraid lest you should sink under them. But I find in you all the Qualifications that are necessary to support you. Be sure therefore to cherish your Health, that you may compass the End of your Hopes, and your Endeavours. — Farewel my *Terentia*, my Heart's Desire, farewel.

III.

Asiocritus hath delivered to me Three of your Letters, which I have almost defaced with my Tears. Oh! my *Terentia*, I am consumed with Grief, and feel the Weight of your Sufferings more than of my own. I am more miserable than you are, (notwithstanding you are very much so) and that for this Reason, because though our Calamity is common, it is my Fault that brought it upon us. I ought to have died, rather than have been driven out of the City; I am therefore overwhelmed, not only with Grief, but with Shame. I am ashamed that I did not do my utmost for the best of Wives, and the dearest of Children. You are ever present before my Eyes, in your Mourning, your Affliction, and your Sickness. Amidst all which, there scarce appears to me the least Glimmering of Hope - - - - However, as long as you hope, I will not despair - - - - I will do what you advise me. I have returned my Thanks to those Friends whom you mentioned, and have let them know, That you have acquainted me with their good Offices. I am sensible of *Piso*'s extraordinary Zeal and Endeavours to serve me. Oh! would the Gods grant that you and I might live together in the Enjoyment of such a Son in Law, and of our dear Children - - - - - As for what you write of your coming to me if I desire it, I would rather you should be where you are, because I know you are my principal Agent at *Rome*. If you succeed, I shall come to you, if not - - - - - But I need say no more. Be careful of your Health, and be assured, That nothing is, or ever was, so dear to me as your self. Farewel, my *Terentia*, I fancy that I see you, and therefore cannot command my Weakness so far as to refrain from Tears.

IV.

I Do not write to you as often as I might, because notwithstanding I am afflicted at all Times, I am quite overcome with Sorrow whilst I am writing to you, or reading any Letters that I receive from you —— If these Evils are not to be removed, I must desire to see you, my dearest Life, as soon as possible, and to die in your Embraces; since neither the Gods, whom you always religiously worshiped, nor the Men, whose Good I always promoted, have rewarded us according to our Deserts —— What a distressed Wretch am I? Should I ask a weak Woman, oppress'd with Cares and Sickness, to come and live with me? Or shall I not ask her, Can I live without you? But I find I must. If there be any Hopes of my Return, help it forward, and promote it as much as you are able: But if all that is over, as I fear it is, find out some Way or other of coming to me. This you may be sure of, that I shall not look upon my self as quite undone whilst you are with me. But what will become of *Tullia*? You must look to that. I must confess, I am entirely at a Loss about her. Whatever happens, we must take Care of the Reputation and Marriage of that dear unfortunate Girl. As for *Cicero*, he shall live in my Bosom and in my Arms. I cannot write any further, my Sorrows will not let me - - - - - - - - Support your self, my dear *Terentia*, as well as you are able. We have lived and flourished together amidst the greatest Honours. It is not our Crimes, but our Vertues, that have distressed us —— Take more than ordinary Care of your Health, I am more afflicted with your Sorrows than my own. Farewel, my *Terentia*, thou dearest, faithfullest, and best of Wives.

Methinks it is a Pleasure to see this great Man in his Family, who makes so different a Figure in the *Forum*, or Senate of *Rome*. Every one admires the Orator and the Consul; but for my Part, I esteem the Husband and the Father. His private Character, with all the little Weaknesses of Humanity, is as amiable, as the Figure he makes in Publick is awful and majestick. But at the same Time that I love to surprize so great an Author in his private Walks, and to survey him in his most familiar Lights, I think it would be barbarous to form to our selves any Idea of Mean-spiritedness from these natural Openings of his Heart, and Disburthening of his Thoughts to a Wife. He has written several other Letters to the same Person, but none with so great Passion as these of which I have given the foregoing Extracts.

It would be ill Nature not to acquaint the *English* Reader, that his Wife was successful in her Solicitations for this great Man, and saw her Husband return to the Honours of which he had been deprived, with all the Pomp and Acclamation that usually attended the greatest Triumph.

Advertisements.

*** PROPOSALS for Printing the LUCUBRATIONS of Isaac Bickerstaff Esq; by Subscriptions, in Two Volumes in Octavo, on a Large Character, and Fine Royal Paper, are to be seen, and Subscriptions taken, at Charles Lillie's, a Perfumer, at the Corner of Beauford Buildings in the Strand, and John Morphew's near Stationers-Hall. All Persons that design to subscribe to this Work, are desired to send in their Subscriptions, the Book being put to Press, in order to be published withall Expedition.

TO satisfy Gentlemen and Ladies who 'tis that would inquire, in Relation to those Men and Women's Gowns, to be sold at the Olive-Tree and Still at Charing-Cross; advertis'd against in the Post-Man, with Invitation to Ludgate-Hill; If they please to enquire at any Shop on the said Hill, they may be satisfied that there is not a Quarter of the Cloaths as there is in the Room at Charing-Cross; nor can they afford so good Pennyworths; because upon Examination, these will be truly found to be the Goods of Persons that failed.

FOR the Benefit of Mr. Dean, Mr. Manship, and Mr. Ridgeley: At the Great Room in York-Buildings, on Monday next, will be performed a Consort of Vocal and Instrumental Musick, all entirely new, and composed by the best Masters; in which Mr. Holcomb will sing several Songs in Italian and English: And likewise Two Solo's by Mr. Dean, one being of his own composing. With several other Songs and Pieces of Musick, by Mr. Tenoe, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Cook, and others. Beginning exactly at Eight of the Clock. Tickets are to be had at St. James's Coffee-house in St. James's-Street, and at Young Man's Coffee-house at Charing-Cross, at Five Shillings each Ticket.

THese are to acquaint all Lovers of Art, That Mr. Rosse his Collection of Pictures, being of the most celebrated Masters, will be sold by Auction on Thursday the 20th Instant, at Ten of the Clock, at his House in Henrietta-Street, Covent-Garden. The Pictures to be seen on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, before the Sale; where Catalogues will be given. After which, his Drawings, Prints, and other Curiosities will also be sold by Auction.

*** A Sermon preach'd before the Queen at St. James's Chappel, on Wednesday the 8th of March, 1709-10, being the Anniversary of Her Majesty's happy Accession to the Throne. By S. Clarke, D. D. Rector of St. James's Westminster, and Chaplain in Ordinary to Her Majesty. Published by Her Majesty's Special Command. Printed for J. Knapton at the Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard, in 4to. Price 6 d. In 8vo. Price 2 d. Where may be had Dr. Clarke's Boyle's Lectures for 1704, and 1705. his Three Practical Essays; his Paraphrase on the Gospels; his Sermon before the House of Commons, Novemb. 22. his Letter to Mr. Dodwell, and his Four Defences of it.

*** A Discourse or Explication of the Grounds of Dancing: Which may be had gratis of Mr. Fert, Dancing-Master, in Compton-Street, near the Sign of the Black-Moor's Head in Soho. He hath composed a new Dance, called, The Tourmay; and teacheth at Persons of Quality's Houses, and others, at a reasonable Rate. He playeth very well upon Musick.

THIS is to give Notice to all Persons that have any Concern in the Catalogue of Goods at Mrs. Boone's, Milliner, in Bloomsbury-Market, That it will be drawn on Monday the 13th Instant, beginning about Eight a Clock in the Morning; where all Persons that have any Concern in the same, may come and see it drawn to their Satisfaction.

A Gentleman having been obliged to lay down keeping his Coach and Horses, they are to be sold very cheap, and stand at the New George in Leather-Lane near Holborn.

THE finest Imperial Tea, 18 s. Bohee 12 s. 16 s. 20 s. and 24 s. All Sorts of Green, the lowest at 12 s. Best Coffee, 6 s. and Coffee at 5 s. 8 d. as good as any sold at the Price. Chocolate all Nut, 2 s. 6 d. and 3 s. With Sugar, 1 s. 4 d. and 2 s. The finest Brazil Snuff, 40 s. Portugal, 17 s. the best of Spanish, and the cheapest. Sold by Robert Tate at the Star in Bedford-Court near Bedford-Street, Covent-Garden.